

GOD IS LOVE.

FRANK JACKSON.

Oh! child of grief, why weepst thou?
Why dropst thy sad and mournful brow?
Why is thy look so like a dagger?
What deep, sad sorrow lingers there?
Thou mournst at partings for some one gone,
A friend, a wife, a little one?
Yet mourn not, for thou hast above
A Friend in God, and God is love.

Was it romance that laid thee low?
Is it for sin thou mournest so?
Surely thou bear'st a heavy grief.
Yet, answer, there is a life above,
There is One on high can pardon give,
Who gave His life that thou may'st live;
Seek thou for comfort from above,
And hope in God, for God is love.

Has cold unkindness wounded thee?
Does thy loved friend scorn thee now?
O, turn thy thoughts from earth to heaven,
Where so much cruel wrongs are given.

In all the varying scenes of woe,
The lot of fallen man below
Still find thy faithful eyes above,
And hope in God, for God is love.

Sweet is the thought that flies apace,
This earth is not our resting place;
And midst the tribulation of the Lord,
To all who love His name and word,
Then weeping pilgrims, dry thy tears,
Comfort on every side appears:
As eye beholds thee from above,
The eye of God, and God is love.

P. R.—I found this in my house, written on
a piece of paper. Don't know whether it
ever saw print or not; it is fully forty
years old.

My First Appointment

—AND—

My Impressions at the Time.

EDWARD J. WATSON.

It was with mixed feelings of joy and
sorrow that I received my first commission
at the hands of our present Commandant
at H. Booth, while seated round a table
in the staff officers' room in the dear old
International Training Home at Clapton,
near eight years ago.

Sorrow filled my heart at the thought of
leaving the Home which had been to me
for over eight months a veritable haven,
the happiest months of my life they had
been, during which time I had passed
through the various experiences of Cadet-
ship, Cadet-Lieutenancy to Capt. Pope of
the Congress Hall, Brigade Lieutenant, and
Lieutenant of the famous No. 2 company
of cadets in the great Volunteer march,
(the company which rescued the dear old
General from the hands of a howling mob
at Hull), also deliver of the Cavalry
Fort Victory, on the first march through
Kent, described by Col. McKie in his
article. Loy these had all been times of
mighty blessing to my soul, also of

Suffering, and Fighting, and Rejoicing,
and no wonder I felt sad to leave, but I
felt glad that at last I was to be allowed
to go forth with a heart full of love to do
something to save the dying souls of men.
With a trembling yet rejoicing heart I
received my first commission, appointing
me to Portlough in the North of Ireland.
The place under heaven that I dreaded most
was Ireland, poor Ireland. Imaginary
scenes of rags, bloodshed, and death, of
poverty and starvation rose up before my
mind. The Catholics, whom I had been
taught was of the devil, the enemies of
the one who kicked my little white I
gave him a tract, read the scriptures, even
before me, and nearly engaged me, but I
had been in wars and wars, had been rotten
caged, and accused, and chained still I fell
inexhaustibly, bleeding on the ground, and
gloried in it, and surely Ireland was not
ruined; however, if it was, I would look
for Jesus' sake, but question, or hesitate,
or doubt, or fear, never. Hence, the three
many fairs were never given in my mind,
and I was soon named Portlough was a
good corps, as Capt. Pollard (now Col.
Pollard) had been stationed there, so, like
Paul at Agrippa's Feast, I thanked God and
took courage.

Early next morning we were off, four of
us, I believe, for Portlough, which was reached
after a rough passage across the Irish
Channel. I did not go below, as

Stayed all Night on Deck
beside the Captain. Oh, how I suffered
longing for my room!

Salute!
Western Province.

THE COMMANDANT

INSPECT THE SALVATION FORCES

North-West and
British Columbia.

BRIGADIER AND MRS. MARCETTS

Ensign Smeeton.

(NOTE.—It will be noticed that the dates below have been altered to two weeks later.
This has become necessary owing to the Commandant having a heavy burden of business,
caused by the recent changes, as stated last week.)

WINNIPEG,	Thurs, Fri, Sat, Sun, Mon,	June 15, 16, 17, 18, 19
RAPID CITY	Tuesday	June 20
NEEPAWA	Wednesday	June 21
PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE	Thursday	June 22
CARBERRY	Friday	June 23
BRANDON	Saturday and Sunday	June 24, 25
REGINA	Tuesday	June 27
CALGARY	Wednesday and Thursday	June 28, 29
VANCOUVER	Saturday, Sunday and Monday	July 1, 2, 3
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FURTHER PARTICULARS LATER.

We received a welcome at Belfast, and proceeded to our quarters. A few soldiers met me, and we were on at the quarters, where I found a man and wife were boarding with the Lieutenant, who soon slipped out, leaving me to go to their grocery bill. The Lieutenant had been in a charge sometime before my arrival, and the soldiers felt he should have been Captain and not Lieutenant, and really I should have been glad for my part, for I'm afraid I was not very welcome. I had been accustomed to great numbers of thousands, and a whole band of forty-six players, and hundreds of souls met, but now I found myself monarch of all I surveyed, and was thrown upon my own resources, which were small indeed. Well, I became thoughtful, was decidedly troubled about my call to the work, every failure and poor meeting I thought of, that I had not been met by God to the work.

It haunted and distressed me, and rebuked me of the success and blessing I should have had, for a discouraged soul God cannot use in His work. I got to the point where I was nearly at the end of my tether, and the soldiers who swept the streets, and the coal-brokers their job; I thought they were happier than I was, so at last I wrote to Col. McKie and told him all about it, and his reply I should never forget. Oh, what an inspiration it was! He said,

"Get God Down on your People, and He will sweep away all their penitence and bring them crying to Him for mercy at His feet; pray and believe until He comes."

I carried this letter in my pocket until it was out altogether. It was a blessing to me, and I took heart, and God blessed my souls were saved. I was talking, and one girl coming out while I was talking, and knelt at my feet as the penitent form and cried for mercy, and all the while the devil was tempting me that I was not called, not called, not called. At last God spoke to me, after much prayer, in these words,

"Go in this thy might; have not I sent thee?" which has forever settled my doubting. I used to sing out, "War Car!" on the market as loud as the market folks cried their goods. We were once nearly arrested, ordered to move on, and the soldiers sang out, "Well be here when the battle is done."

A VOICE FROM THE NOVA SCOTIA PRESS.

The following is called from the Nova Scotia Standard:

"Speaking of the Salvation Army, one cannot but think that oftentimes real blessings, when met on in the right spirit, lead to the most wonderful good results. Just as we hope to see in the time, for they are deserving of a large following, and the Lord knows that there is need of good influence and reformation in this town of ours."

"And whenever opinions persons may have in regard to Salvation Army work, we are convinced that it reaches a class of persons who could scarcely be reached in any other way. Its record glitters with lives saved from sin and shame, and in the ranks of the white-robed ones on earth."

Coming Events

THE COMMANDANT

Colonel Mackenzie

WILL VISIT

MONTREAL

ON FRIDAY, MAY 26.

Opening of "The lighthouse."

FAREWELL!

THE COMMANDANT

will conduct the
FAREWELL MEETING

Col. and Mrs. Mackenzie

AT YORKVILLE,

On Friday, May 19th.

QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY!

GREAT MUSTER

Western Ontario Soldiers.

AN OLD-FASHIONED DAY
OF PENTECOST.Concentration of Forces at
STRATFORD.

A Glorious Soul-Stirring Day Conducted by

THE COMMANDANT.

STAFF-CAPT. B. B. COX

Will Visit and Conduct Special Meetings at—

CALGARY, Thursday and Friday, May 18, 19.

MOOSEJAW, Sunday, May 21.

MOOSEJAW, Monday, May 22.

BRANDON, Tuesday and Wednesday, May 23, 24.

CARBERRY, Thursday, May 25.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, Friday, May 27, 28.

NEEPAWA, Saturday and Sunday, May 29, 30.

WINNIPEG, Tuesday, May 31, to June 10.

Notice to Candidates!

All Candidates' applications will in future be received by, and must be made to, the Provincial Secretary, viz:

EASTERN PROVINCE, — BRIG. JACKSON.

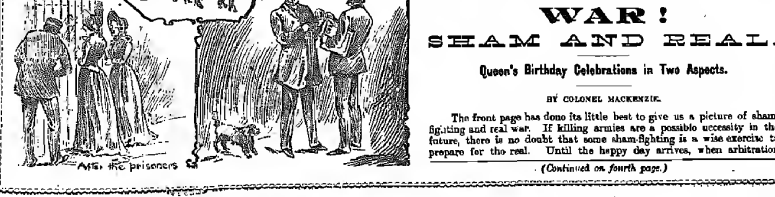
WESTERN — " MARCETTS.

WEST ONTARIO — " HOLLAND.

EAST — " BOOTH.

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WAR!
SHAM AND REAL.

Queen's Birthday Celebrations in Two Aspects.

BY COLONEL MACKENZIE.

The front page has done its little best to give us a picture of sham fighting and real war. If killing armies are a possible necessity in the future, there is no doubt that some sham-fighting is a wise exercise to prepare for the real. Until the happy day arrives, when arbitration

(Continued on fourth page.)

Salvation Songs.

A Great Captain.

1 Come, sinners, to Jesus, no longer delay,
A free, full salvation is offered to-day;
Arise, all ye bond-slaves, awake from your dream;
Believe, and the light and the glory shall stream.

CHORUS.
For the conquering Saviour shall break every chain,
And give us the victory again and again.

The world will oppose you, and Satan will
To hinder your coming they both will
Engage;
But Jesus, your Saviour, has conquered for you,
And He will assist you to conquer them too.

Though tough be the fighting, and troubles arise,
There are mansions of glory prepared in the skies;
A crown and a kingdom you shortly shall view,
The laurels of victory are waiting for you.

When death's shady valley Christ calls you to tread,
A halo of glory around you He'll shed;
His promise shall cheer you as faintly you pray,
And angels to glory shall bear you away.

None Refused.

2 Whoever hears, shout, shout, shout the sound,
Send the blessed tidings all the world around.
Spread the joyful news wherever man is found.

Whoever will, we hope you may come,
Whoever will, we hope you may come.
Send the proclamation over vale and hill;
Tis a loving Father calls the wand'ring soul.

Whoever will, we hope you may come,
Whoever will, we hope you may come.
Now the door is open, enter while you may,
Jesus is the true, the only living way.

Whoever will, the promise is secure;
Whoever will, the promise is secure;
Whoever will, 'tis life for evermore,
Whoever will, 'tis life for evermore.

Come Back.

3 Return, oh, wanderers, return,
And seek thy Father's face;
Those new desires which in you burn
Were kindled by His grace.

CHORUS.
Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord,
Or you can't go to heaven when you're dead.
Return, oh, wanderers, return:
He hears your humble sigh.

Return, oh, wanderers, return:
Your Father calls you here,
Come to His cross and you will learn
How freely He'll forgive.

A Good Craft.

4 We are out on the ocean sailing,
Homeward bound we are so truly glad;
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To our home beyond the tide.

CHORUS.
All the storms will soon be over,
Then we'll anchor in the harbor.
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To our home beyond the tide.

Millions now are sadly lashed
Over on the golden shore;
Millions more are on their journey,
Yet there's room for millions more.

Come on board, and ship for glory,
Be in haste, make up your mind,
For our vessel's waiting anchor,
You'll soon be laid to rest.

You have kindred ever ponder
On that bright and happy shore;
Beyond the veil that's waiting anchor,
When the toll of life are o'er.

Salute!

Western Province.

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FURTHER PARTICULARS LATER.

A Big Saviour for Big Sinners.

5 Jesus, my King, big over all,
In hall, or earth, or sky,
Angels and men before Thee fall,
And devils fear an' fly.

CHORUS.
We have no other argument,
We want no other plea;
It is enough that Jesus died,
And that He died for us.

Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners dear,
He hears our humble sigh,
He turns their hell to heaven.

Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And breaks Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls He
Speaks.

And life into the dead.
O, that the world might taste and see
The riches of His grace!
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.

Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but praise His name;
Praise Him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb!

An Old Timer.

6 Shout shout, salvation boys, we'll have
Another song.
Sing it with a spirit that will start the
world long.

Sing it as our comrades sing it many a
million strong.
As they were marching to glory.

CHORUS.
March on, march on, we bring the jubilee;
Fight on, fight on, salvation makes us free!
We'll shout our Saviour's praises o'er every
land and sea.

As we go marching to glory.

How the anxious soul when they hear
The joyful sound!

How the weak and conquer when the Saviour
They have found!

How our great battalion seems to spring
out of the ground,
As we go marching to glory.

"Oh, they're hopeless nobodies," our
cousins made boast,
They forgot that with us marches the Almighty
Holy Ghost.

And unseen battalions of the glorious
heavenly host,
As we go marching to glory.

So we'll make a thoroughfare for Jesus and
His train,
All the world shall have us as fresh converts
we gain.

Sin shall fly before us, for resistance is in
vain,
As we go marching to glory.

Inspection.

7 Oh, when shall my soul find her rest,
My struggles and wrestlings be o'er,
My heart, by my Saviour possessed,
Be fasting and singing no more?

Now search me and try me, oh Lord,
Now, Jesus, give me to my cry;
See, harkens I cling to Thy Word,
My soul to my Saviour draw nigh.

My idols I cast at Thy feet,
My all I return Thee, Who gave;
This moment the world is complete,
For Thou art almighty to save!

Oh, Saviour, I dare to believe,
Thy blood for my cleansing I see;
And, looking in faith, I see thee,
Salvation, full, present, and free.

Oh, Lord, I shall now comprehend,
For mercy, so high and so deep,
And how shall my praise sound,
Thy throne art almighty to keep.

WELCOME

A Big Reception

BRIG. and MRS. BARRITT

(also of South America).

Ensign Jones

ON MONDAY, MAY 29th,

Lippincott Street Barracks.

COMMANDANT AND MRS. BOOTH

Will conduct the meeting, assisted by
Headquarters' Staff and City
Corps.

DIVINE TELEGRAPHY.

This afternoon, as I am on my knees
before God, my heart goes out for him of
His Spirit, that Spirit that will enable me
to weep over men and women that are in
sin, and then as I view my own heart, not
as I am thought to be, not what the world
may think I am, but just as I stand in the
light of God, I look at myself. Oh, my
God, for more of Thee, more of that Spirit
that led Thee to the garden of Gethsemane,
that spirit of love that took Thee to Gol-
gotha. At I stop and pause, my heart
it was for me. Then I compare myself
with Him. Oh, how small
I am, how weak and little
For ever I shall be!

Still, I cannot help wondering, when I am
how unfaithful I have been, not in big
things, but in the little things—things that
look too small to notice, looking at it with
a natural eye; yet how many victories I
have lost, how many blessings I have
missed, all for want of being careful in the
little things.

My health being so very poor, I haven't
had the privilege of working for God as I
would like to have done. Being away
from the fight I love so much, I give up
not faithfully, but by neglecting little
things. When my body would be
weak, and when I would desire to go
where no one would hear me and read my
Bible—that Book of Books—and read be-
fore God, then the devil would whisper in
my ear and say,

"You are too Weak to Pray and Work."
God don't require you to tire yourself out
when you are so weak and tired in body,
and very often I would listen to his devil,
but what was the result? I had that which
I had for prayer, I would rather sit at
home and have some innocent fun, or I
would call it, when I might have been going
strength both to soul and body. Then
I would feel sorry, and ask God to forgive
me for feeling instead of spending my
time with Him and for His glory. But I
thank God (today things have changed).
One morning I got up a little earlier than
some time, I rose a conqueror. Glad to
God. He showed me it was not late
gave me the victory, but by asking His
forgiveness for my past unfaithfulness and
in the future obeying His voice, and coming
His Kingdom; and the only way I can
be a pure and spotless life was to be
humble, and daily obeying His com-
mandments, and if I do this, which I
am endeavoring to do every day, and love
my neighbor as myself, I shall be a con-
queror till I reach the heavenly prize.

My experience this afternoon is—The
blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleans
my heart from all sin, and keeps me clean.
Praise God for ever.

Now, my dear reader, if you have your
own, come back to God.

LESLIE, M. McArthur.

WAR CRY

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